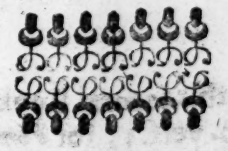
THE SAD CONDITION OF A Distracted Kingdome.

Expressed,

IN A FABLE OF PHILO THE JEW.

Exempla creantur,
Quæ socci superant risum, lustumque Cothurni.
Claudian.



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TO

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

ALGERNON

Earle of *Northumberland*,

PHILIP

Earle of *Pembroke*, and *Montgomerie*.

Right Honourable,

THE Authour of this Fable, in his own Age, and in ſucceeding times, was ever by the ripeſt wits eſteemed learned, eloquent, and ingenious. I am confident your Honours impartiall Iudgements will cenſure my expreſsions upon *Philoes* invention ingenuous and harmleſſe; theſe are the iſſue of ſome ſpare houres in theſe miſerable times, expoſed to the world under your Honours protection; unto whom the Author profeſſeth himſelf a

Moſt humble ſervant,

A. RIVERS.

To the right Honourable *Algernon Percie*, Earle of *Northumberland*, &c.

My Lord,

So many glorious titles crowne
Your Noble Stemme, as easily they put down
Great Romes Æmilians, Scipio's, Fabio's, *whose*
One single Tribe adventured to oppose
Themselves their Cities Wall: and with their bloud,
Preserve Rome *from the innumerous Multitude*
Of Veians. *How oft have our Ancestours*
Seen, and extold like Piety of Yours?
How many Victories have the PERCIES *got?*
What Trophies reard of the subdued SCOT?
How many of your Martiall Linage are
In FAMES BOOK, *written Thunderbolts of* VVAR,
Who with HEROICK *Actions adde new Grace,*
To Charlemain's MARTELLVS, PEPINS *race,*
From whom you are discendants, and we know
How much GRADIVUS *and the* MVSES *owe*
To your Progenitours: and dare rehearse
Our better VOVVES *and* SERVICES *in verse,*
Be Greatest FABIVS, *be great* ALGERNON,
And emulate your PERCIES CRESCENT MOON
Sheure down your influence: make our clouded night
By your wise Counsailes, then the day more bright.

Your Houours humble Servant,
A. Rivers.

The Fable of PHILO the JEW, Amplified.

THE ARGUMENT.

PHILO *the most learned and eloquent amongst the* Jewes, *recites a very pleasant and witty Storie: Namely, that* God *after he had with singular art and wisedome created the Universe, commanded the Angels to tell him what they thought of the Work and workmanship: And that one of those blessed Spirits with much freedome answered, that in his judgement there wanted (as a complement to so exquisite an epifice) a strong Voice very audible and penetrating, which without intermission passing from one corner of the Earth to the other, should be the continuall Trumpet of Gods praise, and preach even to the most ignorant his supream wisedome, and ineffable skill in the production of the very least and most contemptible Creatures.* Phi. lib. de Plantatione Noemi.

This ingenious Fable of Philo *is the Argument, and gave occasion to the following Treatise. And though there are those (and not unlearned) who judge it too much to savour of the Pedagogue, when Authors are quoted, yet we think, we shall give authority to our lines, if we expresse the grounds of our invention, and from whence we fetch, and to what direct our Allusions.*

WHo gave himself existence, gave us all
The being that we have, ordered this Ball
We trample with a word, and without sweat
Gave essence, and existence to the great
And lesser Creatures, and requir'd no more
Materials pre-existent, then a poore
Nothing, and thence with an all-potent hand
First made, then perfected Fire, Ayre, Sea, Land. Gen. 1.

Nor is the worke by patterne, but he takes
Himſelfe, and of his worke th' *Idea* makes.
VVhen did God make thoſe intellective Peeres
Guardians of Mankind, Guiders of the Spheres?
Lets reckon every imaginarie Age
Before they undertook the Pupillage
Of *Adams* Orphans, or ſhall we agree
As parcels of large Natures *Machin*, he
Gave them Coevall being. How e're wee'l joyne
In this, the workmanſhip was moſt divine.
Did he ſuite Heaven with a more glorious Robe
Then is the garment of our Earthly Globe?
Is the ſtuffe other then of things below?
Or an extracted Quinteſſence? be't ſo
Or what it will, we are ſure with ſingular Art
God finiſhed, and poliſht every part.
And viewing all as in a maze he ſtood
And with much Complacence pronounc't all's Good.
VVhen *Babels* frantick Architects intend
Their Tower ſhould as Heavens Pallaces aſcend,
God goes i'th ſacred *Triads* Companie
To view what this preſumptuous work ſhould bee,
And diſallowing their tranſcendent Pride,
He ſtayes the work, and workmen doth divide.
So many Ages paſt, attended by
His glorious Courtiers, he Commands them eye,
And curiouſly obſerve the worlds vaſt frame;
Then tell him what was wanting in the ſame.
For he had heard (although he let it paſſe)
How *Momus* had deſir'd a looking glaſſe
Should in the breſt of man be plac't, to ſhow
VVhat were his inward thoughts, that all might know
VVhoſe ends were crooked, whoſe pretenſions right,
Diſcern the juſt man from the Hypocrite.

The Greek Doctors hold the Angels to have bin created before the world; the Latin D. with the World; which opinion is more probable, though the other is not erronious. *D. Th. 1. p. q. 61. art. 3.*

Gen. 6.

A fond requeſt, and contrary to that,
VVhich when man formed was God leveld at.
For he created Men with libertie
In will, and action, and if all ſhould ſee
VVhat are the deep deſignes at which they aime,
Both action, and invention, would be lame.
As *Moyſes* from Mount *Nebo* viewd the ſoile
Of Fertile *Chanaan*, which by warlike toile
The Tribes muſt gaine, and with their weapons meet
Thoſe Regions, which muſt make their warfare ſweet. Deut. 34.
So in a Moment helpt with glories light,
Theſe Angels have preſented to their ſight
The Univerſe, the Heavens, the Earth, the Seas,
And whatſoever is containd in theſe.
In Heaven they ſee an immenſe *Amplitude*,
And ſpatious Tabernacles for the Good
(VVho imitating *Angels*, and by Grace
Vanquiſh the ill with good ſhall have a place)
The many Orbes are objects of their ſight,
The fixt and wandring Tapers of the Night,
VVee'l not believe, but they both ſee, and know
VVhat diſtance is 'twixt Heaven and us below. *Cornelius a lapide, in Geneſin.*
Should I tell you, that ſome huge Milſtone hurld
From th' higheſt Heaven to th' Center of the world
VVould aske twice threeſcore yeares 'fore it deſcend,
To the ſaid Centre and his journie end.
And wee'l allow for every hower, the while
It is in motion, at leaſt forty mile.
Then gueſſe what diſtance is 'twixt Heaven and us,
By the ſwift motion of this ponderous
Deſcendant. Spake I ſo, you'le laugh and ſay
How know you this? or who hath rid the way?
How many are the ſtages? with the Sun
VVho took poſt horſe, and through the Zodiack run?

The Angels know this truth; yet in leſſe time
Then one ſhort hour, a ſoul that's pure can climbe
To th' top of the Empyrean Heavens; ſuch force
And expedition hath a vertuous courſe
Of life. Our Angels with amazement viewd
The flaming Sun, ſtill burning, nere renewed;
Who by the lending of his glorious light
Or the with-holding, meaſures day and night.
'Tis ſtrange ſo vaſt a Body every day
And every night, ſhould travail ſo much way,
As from the Eaſt to Weſt, and then return
To make another journey the next morn.
We daily ſee't and therefore make it light,
Becauſe it is ſo daily in our ſight.

Pererius in *Dan.* eſteemes this one of the greateſt miracles in nature.

Whoſe hand but the Almighties can ſuſtain
Thoſe Magazines of Snow, of Hail, of Rain
Ith' Ayrie Regions, that they not deſcend
At once, and with a deluge make an end
Of all. VVho firmes the Earth, and with juſt lines
The Eaſt, the VVeſt, the South, the North deſignes?
On what ſubſtantiall Baſes do's it ſtand?
Or is it propt only by Gods right hand?
Job. 38. VVho wrought and put on the main Seas their ſhrowds
And like ſome new-born babe wrapt 'em in Clouds
For ſwadling clouts? who a confining barre
Could ſet upon 'em, bid 'em paſſe ſo farre
And paſse no further? Thus the Oceans bounds
Circling not ſwallowing the embraced grounds,
Are a new wonder. Then amidſt the waves
They hear how that unweldie Monſter raves
The VVhale: and laugh at his complaints, becauſe
They are injurious to the wholſome Lawes
Of God, and nature. Let us hear his ſong
Then vindicate Gods providence from wrong.

Is

Is not the whole circumference of the Maine
The Baltick Sea, the Seas of *France* and *Spaine*,
The waves that glide by *Inaia*, *Africa*,
Sufficient ſpace for him to feed, and play
And chaſe the Orke. Myriads of miles at leaſt
Are thought a priſon by this Monſtrous Beaſt,
And Nature is injurious that hath put
Him in a Goale, and in a dungeon ſhut.
Are Londoners in priſon 'cauſe the Line
Limits their gadding, and their Outworks confine
Their pleaſant walkes; the Ocean that ſurrounds
Our Iſland, waſhing all our Engliſh grounds
Speaks *England* but a Goale. Mans noble mind
VVithin this houſe compos'd of clay confinde,
Although it can ith' twinkling of an eye
On wings of ſwift imagination flye
Thorough the Vniverſe, tranſcend the skie
And comment even on Gods immenſities;
Yet is a Captive and cloſe priſoner,
(Our mixed Elements the Goalers are)
And only death can grant a full diſcharge,
And with his warrant the thrald ſoul inlarge.
But wherefore will *Leviathan* complaine
VVho for his rendevous hath all the Maine
And hundreth Seas? Becauſe he cannot go
Into the Straits of *Archipelago*.
There the wiſe God of nature doth provide,
VVhere ſhips continually and Navies ride,
Many *Charibdaes*, *Scyllaes* dangerous rocks
Facing that Iſle, where fed the fleecie flocks
Of *Polypheme*. That for the generall good
And his own ſafety, no *Atlantick* flood
Should bear this Monſter: but where billowes break
At great *Alcides* Pillars, there they ſpeak

A *Non plus ultra* to the VVhale. For if
He enter ſhould the Levant Sea, no Skif,
No veſſell could be ſafe: nor he himſelfe;
But every rock, and every ſhallow ſhelfe
VVould menace death, and danger: to prevent
VVhich inconveniences, wiſe nature meant,
He ſhould be barr'd thoſe Deeps, his duller eye
Not able Rocks and dangerous Syrts to ſpye;
VVhich would his too unweldy body teare
Peece-meale, and he muſt every minute feare
Preſent deſtruction. Should he be purſu'de
By covetous man (and certainly he wou'de)
VVhat rills of briniſh water can he throw,
Into the ayre, able to overthrow
The largeſt ſhip, and with his maſſie taile,
More ſpread then ſome huge Carrike under ſaile,
Or'ewhelme and drowne all veſſels. To ſave theſe
Miſchiefs, he ne're ſhall wallow in thoſe Seas.
Now judge who is the Priſoner, who has cauſe
To grudge, and challenge Gods, and Natures Lawes.
So frantick Man like *Abſolon* takes joy
Reg. 2. 18. In that, which ſhall his happineſſe deſtroy.
The ſhrub envies the Cedar, and the Oake,
VVhen that ſtands firme, theſe feel the thundring ſtroke
Of angry Heaven. Poore men although deſpis'd
Are ſafe, when oft the Rich are ſacrific'd.
VVee'd ſaile in plenty, but our puft up ſailes
Are driven as well by rough as proſperous gales;
Thoſe promiſe ſhipwrack more then theſe aport,
The Cottage hath leſſe danger then the Court.
Was it not *Villers* Mothers Adage, ſhee
Vntill a Courtier ne're knew miſerie.
And *Straffords* Father did adviſe his Sonne,
To run that race his Anceſtors had run.

Had

Had he obayed his prudent ſire, and lead
A private life, no Troops had ſeen his head
Chopt off, and the inconſtant Multitude
Firſt thirſting, then triumphing in his bloud,
This *Canterbury*, conſcious of his parts,
How greedily, and with what wilie arts
Got he to be a States-man; with what ſweat
And ſtudy did he labour to be great?
But whereto ſerves his Grace, his dignities,
But to make more deplorde the Precipice?
Yet all like Frantick *Icarus* will flye
Aloſt, although they periſh in the skye,
And *Phaeton* will beg to guide the Sunne
A day, although before that day be done
He rue his raſh attempt. Such things are ſweet
That are prohibited, or elſe not meet.
God meanes to give us bread not ſtinging ſcorpions,
When he raines on us bleſſings or afflictions.
But we divert his purpoſe, and miſuſe
His providence, not knowing how to uſe
What he intends for bleſsings. Many are
Like *D' Alva's* Duke oppreſſed better far
Then in proſperity. But we will runne
The wild gooſe chaſe untill we are undone.
If in adverſity ſay God's unjuſt;
If in proſperity, follow what luſt,
Spleen, avarice, and ambition dictate, look
On lately glorious London. 'Tis a book
Worth the peruſall: nay let's trace about
The Circuite of the Kingdome, and find out
What Devill, what *Enyo* ſowed theſe tares
Amongſt us, and engendred all theſe warres,
That have deſtroyed our Britiſh Iſle, and rent
The Kingdome, 'twixt the King and Parliament,

The Duke of *Alva* obſerved to be erected, and magnanimous in adverſity; Inſolent and inſulting in proſperity.

Who

Who sayes who's faulty? He or they? The King
Psal. A God on Earth, a consecrated thing
Cannot transgresse, and being the only source
Whence Iustice, and our Laws derive their force
Must needs be pure. They *Iethro's* Elders are,
Exod. *Englands* supreamest Senate, whom the care
Of the whole Kingdome chose, to cure the sick
Condition of the Body Politick.
And 'twere a sin t'imagine these should erre
Their own, before the publike good prefer.
How then rise all these tumults, these sad jarres
The clamour of the Drum, intestine warres?
VVhat is the Origen? where springs the cause
Of all these plagues we suffer, 'gainst the lawes
Of reason, dictating that every State
Preserve it selfe, not set wide ope a gate
To its own destruction, and as *Trojans* did
(Cheated by perjur'd *Synon*) fondly bid
Their foes, nay haile themselves the fatall Steed
Stuft with *Vlisses*, *Pyrrhus*, *Diomed*,
VVho issuing forth shall *Dardans* Town destroy,
VVith flames consume the lofty Towers of *Troy*.
Speak better Muses, what wrong'd Deitie
Hath brought on *England* so much miserie?
VVho has inflamde our English blouds to sheath
Their swords in English breasts, and to make Death
Ride in such triumph; where our English are
The sad attendants of his duskie Car.
VVhen the *Assyrians* shall be punish'd, God
4. Reg. 7. Fetches no hostile forces from abroad,
But skares the souldiers with a Pannick fright,
And makes *Assirians* with *Assyrians* fight:
They on themselves their spleen and malice spend,
Brother kils brother, friend his deerest friend.

Nor

Nor can they bragge of Conqueſt, as no blade
But their own ſwords this bloody ſlaughter made.
We drinke the Dutch downe, and our whoring's more
Then the hot Spaniards, more hard to the poore
Then Iewes we are; blaſpheaming, ſwearing, play,
Our prophanation of the Sabboth day;
Cheating our Neighbour: and we have ſo many
Religions with us, that we ſcarce have any.
Theſe ſinnes which gliblie we as water drink — Iob.15.16.
Have fil'd the cup of vengeance to the brink,
Which God kept ſtill, and would not give command — Pſ. 7. 4.
It ſhould be powred upon Sea and Land
By his revenging Miniſters, but would
So order Iuſtice that Egyptians ſhould — Apoc.7.
Puniſh Egyptians: heare the Prophets tale — Iſai.19.
How the deluding ruine did prevaile
In wicked *Ieorams* raine, and be bold,
To ſay Names, changd, of Vs the ſtory told. — Reg.3. 32.
Heavens Gates were opend, and a Parliament
Proclaimd concerning England: thither went
The Cherubin, and Seraphin, the Peeres
VVhoſe conſtant care it is to volve the ſpheeres.
Angels, Archangels, Principalities,
The Thrones, Powers, Vertues, Dominations, theſe
Make the grand Senate, and the VVrit Records;
There's no Lower Houſe, but all of them are Lords.
The Purſuivants, Informers, Goalers waite,
And are attendants; when the Kingdomes State
At VVeſtminſter Aſſembles, to peach thoſe,
They vote the Common-weales, and Peaces foes.
To take 'em to their ſtricter Cuſtodie,
VVhen 'tis thought fit by the grave Committee.
So the black fiends to their Creators Grace,
Ingratefull, though they forfeited their place

In Heaven, yet when like conſultations are,
Approach the ſacred Court, but ſtand off far,
From glories throne; and anſwer queſtions made
Touching the lives of men with whom they trade:
For did not Satan fully ſpeak his ſence,
Iob. 1. When God demanded of *Iobs* innocence?
The Synod ſat, and the Aſſembly fild,
(Though Heaven is alwayes full) *Iehovah* wild
One of the Cherubs to relate the Cauſe
Of their Convokement. After ſome ſhort pauſe
A volume is produced, which begins,
And ends with the relation of our ſins.
And every page was blotted, every line,
With faults of *Peter*, *Paul*, *Iohn*, *Iames*, thine, mine,
And all were true; ſhould they have been deni'd,
The Devills would them all have juſtifi'd.
There was alledg'd we drink the Dutch downe, whore
More then the Spaniard, not releive the poore;
All our diſſemblings, and hypocriſies,
Thefts, cheating, ſwearing, curſing, blaſphemies;
How we Religion out the Kingdome fright,
When for opinions, and our ſects we fight.
Corruptions in the practiſe of our lawes;
How many injuſt Verdicts? and the Cauſe
By bribes, or favour thrives. A letter can
Corrupt a Iudge, undoe an honeſt man.
The Tribe of *Levi* ſtand before the Bar,
But as their Acts i'th high Commiſſion are
Examin'd; ſome good Angels undertake
Next Parliament ſhould with them order take.
Th' inditement being at laſt fully read out,
The Court was ſilent, and all lookd about;
No Advocate ſtood up, and if there had
Been ſome defendant, our Cauſe was ſo bad,

No Rhetorick could availe. God does demand
How he ſhall chaſtiſe this tranſgreſſing Land,
The Angels being all mercy would not ſpeak;
When a rude multitude of Devills break
Into the Conclave, and their ready aide
Offering, adviſe ſome forraign foe invade
The Land, as had the *Danes*, and *Saxons* done,
And Baſtard *William* the whole Kingdome wonne.
But others judge too ſlow this puniſhment,
Therefore think beſt a peſtilence ſhould be ſent Peſtilence.
And in a moment many thouſands kill,
And hell with ſoules, the grave with bodies fill.
A meaguer Elve, whoſe thin jawes downwards fall,
His teeth appeare, his cheeks no fleſh at all Famine.
But skin and bones, like ſome anatomie
You ſee in Chirurgeons Hall, requeſts that he
May be chiefe actour in this buſineſſe, and
He would bring Egypts famine on the Land.
And this might ſeem their fitter puniſhment;
Whom wealth and plenty had made inſolent.
'Midſt theſe debates from the *Abiſſe* of hell
(VVhere conſtant horrour and confuſion dwell)
A furie came; who flying through the ayre,
VVith ſmoake and flaſhes, and with thunder, tare
Huge Rocks aſunder; blaſted the green corn,
Gave death to bloſſomes, kild the fruit new born.
The ruddie tincture from the Roſes fled,
The purple violet hung downe his head;
The *Heliotrope* enamor'd of the Sun
Fearing his love was loſt, the world undone;
Dreading now only an eternall ſhade,
Pluckt in his glorious colours and decay'd.
Natures vaſt frame forgets the priſtine ſtate,
And all her creatures turn retrogradate.

So have I seen the boisterous blasts conspire
VVith angry heaven, and the Ætherean fire
By furious whirlwinds and tempestuous weather,
To dammage the whole Vniverse together.
And as the Monster mounted on his way
Towards Heaven, the Sun forgetting it was day
Vnable, or afraid t' endure the fight
Puts out his glorious Taper, and made night.
The Fiend arriv'd at the Olympian Gates
Crav'd audience, and admittance of the States.
Our sins gave easie entrance, (only sinne
Can make the Devill ground on mortals winne)
Admitted, backward from his threatning front,
He twirld the Serpent that hung dangling on't.
And with a hideous Roare uttered these words:
"You Citizens of Sion, and blest Lords
"Constant possessours of that Grace and roome,
"VVhich we have lost by Heavens severest doome.
"You much dellberate; and of your Consults,
"VVhat other benefit, but delay results?
"Have you resolved that the Brittish Land
"Merits chastisement? Does your pleasure stand,
"It shall be punisht? Leave the manner how
"And meanes to me; only doe you allow.
"Nor sword, nor plague, nor famine, but all these
"By my invention shall bring miseries
"More then enough upon this Isle; I aske
"Commission: grant it; then be it my taske
"To act the Minister of Vengeance. VVayes
"I have innumerable: since *Adams* dayes
"I have converst with his Of-spring: can
"Tell Arts, how to inveigle foolish Man,
"Make him trrnsgresse the precepts of his God;
"Violate all Lawes, then whip him with a Rod

Sharper

" Sharper then Scorpions: bound up by himſelfe,
The Court amaz'd at what the Stygian Elfe
Had boaſted, bid him tell the manner how
Hee'd act it: they would his deſignes allow.
Nor ſhould he doubt of their moſt firm aſſent
It ſhould be voted in the Parliament.
Hell and the Devils capred at theſe words,
And with a huſhing murmure thankt the Lords.
The Fiend erected with ſuch ample leave,
Vnfolds how he would his inventions weave.
" I'le ſtrait about the Iſle my progreſſe make
" And with me for my fit aſſociates take
" Suſpition, Anger, Hatred, Diſcontent,
" Murmure, diſlike at preſent Government;
" Envy and Rancour, Feares and Iealouſies,
" Open detractions, more cloſe calumnies,
" Conſpiracie, Rebellion alwayes quaking
" For feare to be ſurpriz'd: Treaſon ſtill waking
" To doe a miſchiefe. Griping penury
" Dogging at the heeles of prodigality.
" Ambitious hopes to raiſe what is decaid,
" And what Peace cannot purchaſe, by the blade.
" Theſe I'le diſperſe through the whole Kingdome, and
" Make Sons againſt their Fathers, Brothers band
" Againſt their Brothers, when good *Abell* ſlain
" Fell down, I at the elbow ſtood of *Cain*, Gen. 4.
" Such induſtries I have, I can ſet ſtrife
" 'Twixt freind and deareſt freind; man and his wife.
" The Nobles, Commons, Gentrie, I'le inflame
" With ſuch dire furies, that the very name
" Of Peace ſhall be deteſted. Death and blood
" To Nobles, Gentry, and the multitude
" Shall be moſt deare: with violence they ſhall break
" Ope *Ianus* Temple, and the Drum ſhall ſpeak

"In every Village warre, the Rurall ſwaine
" Shall leave his tillage, Shepheards leave the plaine:
" The Prentice ſhall forget what doe you lack?
" And joy to March with iron on his back,
" The Murrion on his head. And to advance,
" The common cauſe, with Gun, with ſword, with launce;
" The Citizen weary of reſt, lay down
" The Robe of Peace, his gracefull livery gown;
" Exchange ſecurity for doubtfull warres,
" And deem it honour to return with ſcarres
" From the unnaturall conflict; women ſhall,
" Animate their husbands by the ſword to fall:
" Wives, VViddowes, Virgins, freely give their gold,
" And with their Iewels bloody ſtrifes uphold.
" Though by the warre, no other good they reap,
" Then to make VViddowes, VVives, and Virgins cheap,
" Men eaſily numbred; VViddowes ſhall be rife,
" And no great buſineſſe then to get a wife.
" Midſt theſe combuſtious turmoiles, the Glebe Land,
" Shall unmanured and untilled ſtand.
" The plough ſhall be neglected, and the corn
" By th' horſe hooſe trampled, fade before full born
" 'Tis fit for fickle. Graziers ſell away
" Their beaſts, leſt kept they prove the ſouldiers pray;
" Then want and griping penury ſhall kill
" The wretches that ſurvive, and Church-yards fill
" VVith ſtarved corps; what warre and famine leave,
" Contagious peſtilence ſhall of life bereave.
" So warre, plague, famine, in a league ſhall joyne
" To ſerve you, and performe what I deſigne.
The glorious Senate of the ſtarry Hall
Voted allowance, and confirmed all
The Fiend demanded. So the ſacred Court
Diſſolves, and every Burges does reſort

To

To his happy manſion; all the furies play,
And hell triumphing keeps a holy day.
For when their Rivall man ſuffers annoy
They have ſome ſlight, but momentary joy.
The Parliament thus ended, now begins
Our miſery, and we may thank our ſins,
Or rather curſe 'em, that have brought theſe woes
On England, made our ſelves domeſtick foes
Vnto our ſelves. No fights with France and Spaine,
Though we ſucceſsive warfare with thoſe twaine
Have lately wagde, iſſued ſo large a flood,
As theſe uncivill broyles of Engliſh blood.
One onely *Sidney* ſlaine, i'th Belgck fights,
But numbers numberleſſe of Lords and Knights
Have periſht in theſe Conflicts. Let us look
VVith guſhing eyes on *Linſey*, *Daubeny*, *Brook*,
Northampton, *Denbigh*, *Greenvill*, *Grandiſon*,
Should we count all, when would the liſt be done?
Nor can the Conquerour true Tropheeſ raiſe,
As mournfull *Cipres* not triumphant baies
Become the victour, whoſe felicity
Is purchaſt, with his Countries miſery.
Great Rome abhor'd any triumphant Car
Should grace ſucceſſes of a Civill VVar;
VVhere ſo much blood, as might whole Regions get
Pollutes the Chariot, and the Conſuls ſeat.
Have we no doubts of *Holland*, *France*, and *Spaine*?
Are the *Iriſh* quiet? No hopes to regain
The Electorall rights? Or will we not? That we
So prodigall in mutuall murthers be?
Our *England* is a ſhambles; our ſelves keep
The Butcherſhop: and are our ſelves the ſheep.
And when at laſt we almoſt all are ſlain,
VVho'l keep us ſafe from *Holland France* and *Spain*?

But

But wee'l leave *England* weltring in its blood,
Permit *Leviathan* in the Ocean flood.
To range, and folowing our main intent,
Lift up our eyes to 'th ſpangled firmament;
Where we ſhall ſee the Angels, who ſurvaid
By Gods command the Fabrick which he made;
Having paſt Heaven, the Ayre, the Sea, the Land
At ſight of the Ant, in admiration ſtand.
Are there not other objects to delight,
The Angels contemplation? Does the ſight
Of fierce *Martichora* deterre their view?
Dare they not eye him as he does purſue
Both Man and Beaſt? This horrid Monſter made
By our Step mother, Nature to invade
And murther Mortals; ſeems a ſubject more
Worthy their admiration then the poore
Emmet. VVhat in his little compound can
In them breed wonder, when't doth not in Man?
But whoſe more curious pen had yet the power
Rightly to character the *Martichore*
His formidable ſhape, ſtrength that exceeds
The greateſt Lyons parched *Africk* breeds.
Body proportioned like that royall Beaſt
That awes the Forreſt, Monarck of the reſt.
The head, and face (O ſtrange) juſt like the head
And face of Man, the skin a *Tinto* red.
Two ſlambewes for the eyes, the eye lids fluſh
Of briſled haire reſembles *Moyſes* buſh
Still burning, not conſuming: Eares nor long,
Nor ſhort, tide with a criſped thong
Are ſtill erect. His mouth ſtands open'd wide,
Three rowes of Teeth, like Combes on either ſide,
Inſinuate a new Hell, that every houre
Conſume, yet alwayes covet to devoure,

Ex Phile. Æ-[illegible] & aliis. [illegible]ich. Cauſ. [illegible]cloq. ſacra & humana.

Exod. 3.

The

Then in his bruſhie Taile the wondrous ſtrength,
In magnitude a Cubit, three in length:
With which as ſome ſtor'd Magazine well arm'd
He enters battaile, and with fury warm'd
Aſſailes the Huntſmen, who purſue him; and
Diſdaining to be chaſed, makes a ſtand
And as the *Porcupine* or *Oſtrich* throwes,
His piercing darts amongſt his thickeſt foes,
So Roman Legions the ſwift *Parthians* dread
VVhen as purſu'd, retreating they make head
Againſt their following foes, and dare aſſaile
VVith winged ſhafts flying as ſtormes of haile
Midſt the condenſed Brigades. In ſuch guiſe
The inraged Monſter, with much fury eyes
VVhere he ſhall ſhoot, then with innumerous ſtore
Of forked Iavelins, his purſuers gore.
The Taile, his Quiver, and his Bow, which he
Can mennage with ſuch rare dexteritie
This way, that way, backwards and forwards bend,
On every ſide his dangerous arrowes ſend,
That no ſide is ſecure; more, he will take
His very nailes, and of them weapons make.
Then the bird ſwifter he, ſwifter then winde,
VVho ever chac'd him but was left behind?
Miles nor demenſions, cannot hinder him,
Come to broad Rivers hee'l leap o're, not ſwim.
If any Creature would the Angels move
To wonder, here would be a Theame above
The ſilly Ant. Fond mortall ſo ſpeak I,
But they are better furniſht to deſcry
The artifice of the beſt Makers hand,
And at his workmanſhip amazed ſtand.
They ſee the Cauſes joynd with the effects,
VVe ſee the Creatures, and make them the Text.

Of ſome ſhort wonder, but not mount ſo high
As to the Cauſe, one onely Deitie.
Who only could in his al-knowing mind
(The true *Idea* that ſhowes every kind
Of Creatures) firſt their Natures repreſent
Vnto himſelfe, then being omnipotent
Exiſtence give, ſtore them with qualities
VVhich paſſe the ignorant, amaze the wiſe.
This, this eternall Mover had a will
In the ſmall Ant to ſhew his infinite skill.
And it ſhall be our better Muſes charge
To ſpeake the Angels wonderment at large.
And thinke the ſubject well deſerves our Rimes
When th' Oracles of Learning, and their times
Bazil? and *Ierome* (what a paire of men)
On the like Theame imploy'd their ſacred pen.
'Tis certain there's ſome more extenſive Art
I'th' Fabrick of the World, then of a Part.
Yet as much skill to make a Gnat or Flye,
As to create the ninefold Hierarchy.
Why ſo? Cannot an Actor merit praiſe
I'th' Idiots part, as well as he that playes
The haughty Monarch, and at every ſtraine
Expreſſes *Pompey*, or great *Tamerlane*.
According to the bulke we value not
The Artiſts skill, but truly eſtimate
Him perfect in his opifice, when he
Makes his expreſſions juſt as they ſhould be.
And our great *Artiſt* in the ſilly *Ant*,
Hath ſhowne more skill then in the Elephant.
Here's a vaſt body able to containe
And act all functions which he ſhould ordaine.
But in the Piſmire how can every ſence
Be ſo compleat, and have their Reſidence?

So

So fit for action, marke the graceſull eyes,
The taſt, the ſmell, the feeling, nimble thighs
*Al*wayes in motion. Where the Muſicles?
For ſpleen, gaul, liver, where receptacles?
Yet ſure all theſe are there: the wits the arts
Contain'd, and practis'd in thoſe ſlender parts
May ſeem a Prodigie. VVhat vertues crowne
The *Ants*, with which they eaſily put downe
Moſt of our Mortals. Prudence, Fortitude,
Religion, ſcarce knowne of the multitude,
Obſerv'd exactly in their Common weale
VVhere all are daily labourers, none feele,
Or know what's want. VVorthy to have for ſons,
The great *Achilles* frugall *Myrmidons*.
Lycurgus glories that he form'd a State
In *Sparta* where no loytring Runnagate
VVas to be hir'd to goe on Errands; were
Our Land ſo fortunate, we ſhould not feare
In travel to be made the Felons prey,
At home to have our goods purloind away.
Now idleneſſe hath fild full every Goale,
Made hard neceſsity ſo far prevaile
That theevery muſt ſupply what labour ought;
And late repentance at the Gallowes bought,
Be dearely rated. Theſe combuſtions have
Planted a Nurſery to make fat the Grave,
The Gibbets groane, undoe a flouriſhing Land;
VVhilſt high wayes eccho with the theeves word, ſtand;
For what can be expected of ſuch men
Bred up to ſpoile and rapine in the Den
Of *Cacus?* looſely diſsipating what
By plundering, theft, and pillaging was got.
But when the clamour of the Drum ſhall ceaſe,
And *England* be made happy with a Peace

The selfe-same riotous and licentious course
Begun, must be maintained with a worse.
Had not as *Rome*, proud *Carthage* as great powers,
As large command at Sea, as lofty Towers;
As populous a Citie, VValls as strong?
In which presuming; they made warre so long
VVith mighty *Rome*, in *Sicilie* and *Spaine*,
And as their losse was equall, so their gaine.
Yet when the warres are done and leagues are made,
By Mercinaries, *Carthage* is betraid;
And their own souldiers ruine *Carthage* more
Then all the warres they ever wag'd before.
As ceasing *Hippo*, *Tunis*, *Vtica*,
Solliciting disgusted *Africa*;
They siege the Citie, and the world had seen
Carthage in flames, had not *Hamilcar* been.
VVill not the cashirde souldiers imitate
The se stipendiaries, and undoe our State?
VVill not new *Spendi* and new *Mathos* rise,
And for *Remattos* make a sacrifice
Of glorious London? and our Civill Iarres
Conclude at last as theirs with sociall warres?
Men bred in ease, accustomed to spoile
VVill make a booty of their native soile.
And conscious of the mischiefs they have done
(VVith *Spendius* from his *Roman* Master run)
Fearing the penall Lawes and Iustice course,
Secure their wicked acts by acting worse.
No such Republick, mongst the Pismires is,
But every one taught what belongs to his
Duty, performes it cheerfully, and spares
No honest toile, but with much labour cares
To feed the following winter. In one day
VVe consume all, the next look out for prey

Polib. lib. 1. At large relates the remarkable passages of the Mercenary Warre. And out of him Sir *Walter Raleigh* in his history of the World.

And ſo we get a booty, never look
How 'tis obtaind, whether by hook or crook.
They hoard up corn, but not as Farmers doe
And covetous Curmudgions, that undoe
The poore and country, to bring out again,
And dearly ſell it in a dearth of graine.
But as good ſouldiers our induſtrious *Ants*
Are provident, and skilfull, what ſad wants
Follow a winter ſiege, oppreſſe a Towne
Beleaguered, in the ſpring goe up, and downe
In Summer, and in Autumne, bring in grain
And plenteous *Ammunition*, to maintain
Their Forts and ſelves beſieg'd by raine, haile, Snowes,
Continuall Froſts, (the Emmets yearly foes)
To prevent which, they alwayes carefull are
And keep themſelves in a defenſive warre.
Nor doe theſe little creatures alwayes toyle,
That would their bodies and continuance ſpoyle;
But have ſome ſeaſons in their Common-wealth
Ordered by nature, to preſerve their health;
VVherein they celebrate their wakes, hold fares
And ſequeſtrated from Domeſtick cares,
Receive each other with much charity,
Offer their vowes to hoſpitality.
(*A* Deity conſerving friendſhip) and
Did we their ſpeech and Commerce underſtand,
Their friendly colloquies, kind ſalutations,
Free entertainment, harmleſſe recreations;
VVee'd judge ther's more true happineſſe, true mirth
In thoſe Meandred *Cavernes* of the Earth,
Amongſt theſe little Chits, then in the Feaſts
Of mighty Potentates, where Royall Gueſts
Are entertaind with all magnificence;
And much contention to pleaſe every ſence.

Marke Antonie, *Lucullus*, and *Apicius*;
Never as theſe made banquets ſo delicious.
Yet all the Kites which in one meale they eate,
Mounts only to ſome twenty cornes of wheat.
Freſh River water fild in ſome Nutſhell
Shall quench their thirſt, and pleaſe 'em wondrous well:
No healths, but hearty draughts walk round about,
For they by rules of nature have found out,
Much drinking hurts the health, empties the purſe:
The deadly bane of wildome; madneſſe, nurſe,
The fruitfull Mother of fantaſtick fits,
Broacher of quarrels, deluge of beſt wits.
Therefore our Ants who much reſpect their gaine,
Love Peace, are Witty, ſtill preſerve their braine.
How elſe could they keep Marts, labour, have health?
How in ſuch Peace conſerve their Common-wealth?
Their *Kerimas* expired they retire
And reſt themſelves, till *Titans* cheerfull fire
Shall warme the world. Then hating nothing more
Then ſloth, in thickeſt Cohorts they explore
The adjacent Regions, and bring forage home:
Some laden are with wheat, with barley ſome,
And in the way how curteouſly they meet,
And their deare freinds comming full loaden greet?
Congratulate their labours, civilly,
Decline the path, gently let them paſſe by?
When as a Coach-man and a Car-man chance
To meet together, both ſtrive to advance
Though one ride empty, th' other full, and all
The ſtreets are cumbred as theſe Carters braule,
Nay ſwords ſometimes are drawne, and clubs and ſtaves;
And Conſtables are fetcht to part the knaves.
The coached *Madamoiſels* affrighted crie,
And skipping out take for their ſanctuarie

The

The neareſt ſhop. Our Ants are better taught,
And empty yeild the way to ſuch who fraught,
With Ammunition travaile. The pert Elves
Venture on burthens bigger then themſelves,
And maſter'em as forwards, backwards they
Heave at the burthen, and try every way;
Nay when the ſingle ſtrength of one or two
Helps not, they prove what multitudes can doe
Flocking together in condenſed bands,
And eaſily conveigh through many hands
Their wiſhed loade. So have I ſeen in *Spaine*
By many *Ants*, a well-growne *Lyzard* ſlaine;
And hurried to their holes. There's not more ſport
In *Paris Garden*, when they ſet a ſort
Of Maſtive Dogs upon a ſingle Beare,
And Beare and Dog ſhall one another teare,
Tug, weary, bite, then when theſe ſhall aſſaile
The *Lyzard*; ſeize on ſides, back, head and tail,
Here, there ſtop him, as if he were in nets,
And when with violent force from them he gets,
The gathered multitude trip up his heeles,
Yet ſtill he ſtrives; but as a Drunkard reeles
Stopt by ſo many, nor can he get far,
So vigilant the Interlopers are.
Here he falls, there he riſes, makes a ſtand,
(*And* ſtand he muſt) whilſt they with their black band
*A*ſſault on all ſides, and the eager hounds
Following the chaſe, inflict many ſlight wounds
VVhich multiplyed, prove fatall: he muſt yeild
At laſt, who 'gainſt a *Myriad* fights a field.
VVas it *Achilles*, or his *Myrmidons*,
That ſlew the firſt and beſt of *Priams* ſonnes?
'Tis certaine *Hector* was the better Knight,
But what one man, can with a thouſand fight?

Pharaoh

Pharaoh is plagu'd with multitude of Flyes,
And Cæsar prickt with many bodkins dies.
The battaile done, and having got the day
They buſied are how to diſpoſe the prey,
The ſlaughtred corps for winter muſt provide,
Therefore with skill their Stations they divide.
Heave at the carcaſſe here, there, every where;
And by degrees to their dark *Cavernes* beare.
So ſtones of ponderous weight we often ſee
Carried with art, and like dexterity,
To repaire *Paules*. *And* if the putrifi'd
Corps ſhall annoy their Garners not well dri'd,
VVith the ſame skill they bring it forth again
Expoſe to the ayre, to heate, to cold, to raine,
Vntill at laſt 'tis ſeaſon'd and made good,
Then carry it back to make their winter food.
Of which they are ſo carefull, that no weather,
Shall hinder them their winter crop to gather.
And ſhame our ſouldiers that goe out to plunder,
And having got a petty booty, under
Some Taverne, or poore *Alehouſe* roofe devoure
Their naughtily gotten prey in one ſhort houre.
Emmets no more then men immortall are
But ſometimes die, yet with more pious care
Then many men, they ſhall be buryed,
And obſequies performed to the dead.
Vnleſſe you ſee Sir *Richard* and the Knave
His Clarke; the Sexton that ſhall dig the grave,
Keep your dead bodies, of them *Mummie* make:
No needy ſoules will churliſh *Charon* take
For paſſengers into his leaking boate,
That are not able to defray their groat.
How many vertues in our Emmets ſhine?
VVhat providence, what piety? what divine

Religion

Religion? how much charity to men?
As they dig Treasures out the Minerals, then
Hide them in holes with much sollicitude,
Not avaritious but for mankinds good.
For know amongst the Northerne *Indians* are
A race of Ants more great, more fit for warre
Then these with us, yet qualifi'd as these
With the same graces, the same industries.
These as laborious as the others spare
No Summer travaile, but with serious care
Fill Granaries with corne, and in the spring
And Autumne daily Ammunition bring
Against the winter, nor then will they rest,
But digging i'th earths bowels, where the best
Silver and gold lie hid, take out the Ore,
And in their Cells the precious mettalls store.
And knowing how much damage gold do's man,
Hoard up, and hide with all the care they can
That strong supporter of uncivill Iarres
Treasons reward, that sinewes of the warres;
That implement of pride and lawlesse pleasures
Ambitions nurse, suckled by golden treasures
What made great *Walstein* aime to be a King,
But golden Rivers and a silver spring:
The fomenters and hatchers of all evill,
The best deserving vassailes of the Devill.
As *Cæsars* Generall, Villages and Townes
He plundered; Nobles, Citizens, and Clownes,
And got such summes that nothing could content
His swelling spirits, but regall government.
What has man got by all the *Indian* pelfe,
But many talents to undoe himselfe.
Our *England*, *Ireland*, *Italy*, *France*, *Spaine*,
Dane, *Polak*, *German*, had sufficient gaine

Caufin.

Calepin.

Verb. formic.

Albert. Walstone Duke of *Freidland.* *Ferdinand.* the seconds Generall, making a prey of both Imperials and the enemy, in a short time heaped up infinite Treasures.

Before we understood what Inguts were
But when we had full Carracks of them, there
Stept in ambition, and deep Policie
Aimes at an *European* Monarchie
Encourag'd and supported, by that plate
That comes from *Peru*, a most easie gate
To enter Kiugdomes (did not *Philips* Asse
At any time through any City passe)
Where the sword could not? then the world combines
And strong against the house of *Austria* joynes.
VVhy was the *Spaniard* rich? why did he bring
The gold from *India* to undoe his King?
'Twas *Charles* the fifts wise word, wars had not been
So long in *Europe*, had not Christians seen
So much of *Spanish* gold: Monarkes defray
Out their own stock, Rebellious souldiers pay
As *Philip* did, and *Philips* sonne hath lost
The Netherlanders, yet was at the cost
To loose 'em. And sad warre shall never cease
Either by Conqueste or a happy Peace,
So long as King and States find any Coyne
To maintaine warre. The Chieftaines shall combine
On either side: here they shall loose, gaine there;
This yeare the States shall winne, the King next yeare.
The pay-masters defraud the Captains, they
Cheat with false musters them; and of their pay
The souldiers. All the Mines of Potasie,
Cannot content the avarice of these three.
Else how should they maintaine themselves? how keep
Their wenches, goe so gallant, play, drink deep?
Meane while the Nobles, Peasants, Citizens
Fast and doe pennance for the souldiers sins.
But now a mighty inundation comes
Vpon the *Hesperean* Monark, 'as his summes

Philip of *Macedon* was wont to say an Asse loaden with gold, would enter any City.

Philip 2.
Philip 4.

Exhausted,

Exhauſted, every ſmaller Bird reſumes
His propper feathers from the *Auſtrian* plumes;
The *Pythagorean* Schollers dare divine
And Monarchies, and Common-weales conſigne
To ſome fixt ſpace, which ended they decay,
And in their Empires others beare the ſway.
Revolve the Chronicles, ſixe vultures flow
On either ſide of *Romulus*, to ſhew
Rome ſhould ſix hundreth yeares like ſome new Moon
Be ſtill augmenting, and thoſe ages run;
Six hundreth yeares *Rome* daily ſhould goe downe,
Vntill at laſt ſhee loſt the Imperiall Crowne.
Let us come nearer. *Meronius* Race
Shall rule two hundreth thirty eight yeares ſpace,
Then *Pepin*, and his Martialiſts ſhall come,
And inthroniz'd accompliſh the ſame ſumme.
VVhich made compleat, nor paſt, they are caſt downe;
And *Capet*, *Valois*, *Burbon* weare the Crown?
Are times expired, are the moments run?
Muſt the *Heſperean* Monarchy be done,
Muſt other Nations in his Empire come,
Give Lawes to more then halfe our Chriſtendome?
Great *Richelieu* that Cardinall of *France*,
VVith *Spaines* deſtruction ſtriving to advance
The *French* affaires, as *Vindex* roules a ſtone
Likely to juſtle *Ceſar* out his Throne.
This haughty Prelate like the Ivie growes
About the Mother Queen, and overthrowes
The Tree which gave him ſtrength. (So many riſe
By thoſe of whom they make a ſacrifice)
(VVe daily ſee ſo much) preferd by her
To th' King, and ſworne a Privy Counſellour:
As *Hannibal*, vowes an eternall hate
Againſt the *Spaniard*, and chiefe Potentate

Vindex revolting from *Nero* is obſerved to roule the firſt ſtone, which thruſt *Nero* out the Empire. *Tacitus.*

Of *Germany*. Can ſuch ſoules that ſhould be
The Thrones of Love, Temples of Lenitie
Conceive ſuch fires? can Church-men who ſhould breath
The Oracles of Peace, ſpeak blood and death?
And make our world a new *Calvaria*; fild
With skuls of Gentry, and *Plebeians* kild.
The King of *Swedeland*. Nay one great Monark to ſupply a roome,
Vouchſafes amongſt the reſt to have his tombe.
Mary Medices Queen of *France*, the raiſer of Cardinall *Richelieu*, and by him made forſake the Kingdome. Say (*Mary*) why haſt thou this fire-brand hurld
Amongſt us to conſume the wretched World?
Blood was ſhed faſt enough. Why didſt thou goe,
And fetch a fury from the depths below;
To make the world a ſhambles? But thy ſins
Are well rewarded, as he firſt begins
With thy confuſion: makes thee a Runnagate,
Abiect in this Kindome, and that State.
So *Agrippine* will have her *Nero* raigne,
Though as he ſwayes his Mother ſhall be ſlaine.
Imperiall Cities are ſollicited,
The Princes, the Electours, and the *Swede*.
Lenes and *Adolph* in ſtrong leagues ſhall joyn
To ſhare *Beme*, *Auſtria*, *Franconie*, and *Rhine*.
The couquering *Swede* ſhall think't a point of State
Not to ſurrender the *Palatinate*:
(Although he had ingag'd his Royall word,
Such ſmall fidelity attends the ſword.)
VVhat pen can write how many plagues invade
Afflicted *Germany*? Fire, Famine, Blade,
And peſtilence. Ride forty leagues, and you
Shall ſcarce a Village or a Cottage view.
I'th' way lie many famiſh'd corps, that are
The bleeding Teſts of an inhumane warre.
England reflect and feare 'twill be thy fate
To be as *Germany* ſo unfortunate.

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe the ſager Councels of our King
And Parliament a mediation bring,
And make our *Albion* happy. VVhy ſhould we
(The ſame blood, Language, Land) ſo cruell be
Vnto ovr ſelves? at laſt when all is done,
The Sonne ſhall grieve his Father is undone:
The Father that his Sonne is ſlaine, the Mother
Abhorre her Sonne becauſe he kild his Brother.
Saturity of Bread, long eaſe, much pelfe,
Makes wanton *England* fight againſt it ſelfe.
VVhat *France* and *Spaine* could not, abundant ſtore
Of gold, has made us miſerablie poore.
Therefore our *Indian Ants* in love to man
Treaſure up gold, and with what art they can
Keep't from us, that the ready impliments
Of ſtrife remov'd, we buy not penitence
At too deare rates. Yet all their induſtry,
Cannot prevent their neighbours treachery.
For when *Sol* mounted high on *Leo's* back,
Or preſſing *Virgo* through the Zodiak
Shall drive his ſteeds, and with his ſcorching fire,
Cauſe the laborious Emmets to retire
Vnto their Cells: the falſe inhabitants
Of *Darda* ſteale the treaſure of our *Ants*
Hid in remoter Magazins, but they
Knowing by th' ſent the theeves have made a prey
Of their concealed wealth, like eager hounds
Purſue the flying Felons, and with wounds
Recover the loſt booty, then returne
(Their gold amongſt them, in much Triumph borne.)

The Concluſion.

WHen the Angels had the ample world ſurvaid,
And here and there in much amazement ſtaid,

They all agreeing one sole Deitie
Could of so rare a work the workman be,
" One added 'twere a *Luciferian* pride
" VVhat's wanting, what's superfluous to decide;
" Since he made all whose wisdome best could see,
" VVhat, and how fashion'd, things he made, should be.
" Yet since we have a freedome to unfold
" Our sence, had I been Counsellour I would
" Have had a voice, more audible and higher
" Then of that Trump, which when a generall fire
" Consumes the world, shall summon soules to come
" To judgement; and receive their latest doome.
" This every day and houre should walke the round
" O'th' spatious Globe, and to the creatures sound
" The praise of their Creatour; with what art
" He made the world, and polisht every part.
" How Heaven and Earth at his appointment stand,
" Supported with a finger of his hand.
" How he the watry Meteors, snowes, hailes, raines
" I'th' aiery Regions, with a word sustaines;
" Gives limits to the swelling Ocean: then
Iob. " Extoll his works amongst the sonnes of men.
" His orderd providence, supreamer love,
" Even to his enemies: as from above,
" He sent his only Sonne to pay the price
" Of *Adams* debt, and be a sacrifice
" For mans transgression; with his pretious bloud
" Purchast for sinfull man, Beatitude.
" So shall the learned and unlearned know,
" VVhence, why, and how the streames of graces flow;
" And wakened by this voice, their spirits raise,
" And be the Organs of their Makers praise.
Having spoke thus a Seraphin replies,
If this were granted, I would then advise

The

" The VVarlike Drum eternally ſhould ceaſe,
" And the world gently lul'd aſleep by Peace.
" The noyſe of warre being like the noiſe of hell,
" (VVhere conſtant horrour and confuſion dwell.) Iob. 7.
" VVhere EcchoDrums,andGuns,and Trumpets ſound;
" Th' harmonious ſtreines of Piety are drownd.
" VVe all love man, let's at *Jehovah's* Throne
" Petition, hee'd all differences attone.
" And Kings and Common-weales to union bring,
" That all may joyntly Allelujahs ſing
" In Heaven; where are no jarres, no warres, no ſtrife,
" But full fruition of a bleſſed life.

Errata.

PAge 9. line 16. for *deluding ruine*, read *deluding ſpirit*. Ibid. for *Iorams raigne*, read *Iorams ruine*.

FINIS.